AN INTERVIEW WITH SMITH M. WEED.

Me Replies to Various Alleged Interviews Mr. Tilden and Gen. Hancock-Mr. Til-

PLATTEBURGH, N. Y., Aug. 3 .- Happening to be in this place when I saw the Hartford Conrant's alleged interview, charging that Mr Tilden desired the defeat of Gen. Hancock, and knowing that the Hon. \*mith M. Weed. who resides here, took a very active part in that campaign, and was a devoted friend of Mr. Tilden's, I called upon him to-day at his beautiful residence on the banks of Cumberland Bay. The following interview is in Mr Weed's own words, and he has consented to its publication:

Reporter-Have you read what the Hartford wrant has to say as to the attitude of Mr. Tilden and his friends in the last Presidential campaign?

Mr. Weed-I have seen quotations from the article in the Heraid and THE SUN. The Courant article is evidently a revised edition of John Kelly's atatements made a few weeks since Reporter-Do you know how Gov. Tilden felt

and what he did in that campaign?

Mr. Weed-I think I do. I certainly know how he talked and acted, for I saw him very often during the time. I was at the National Committee rooms almost all the time during the canvass, and frequently saw the Governor

both in the city and at Graystone.

Reporter—is it true that he was at heart opposed to the election of Gen. Hancock?

Mr. Weed—It is the most absurd faisehood possible. No one will believe that the Governor subscribed large sums of money to help elect a ticket that he wished deleated. As The Sun ticket that be wished deleated. As The Sunhas made the statement as to his contributions. I may be permitted to state that I personally know that Gov. Tilden gave the National Committee his check for \$25,000, to be used for the legitimate purposes of the campaign. Not only did he make this subscription, but he made many local contributions besides, and all to help the Presidential ticket. I know also from personal knowledge that he was earnest in counsel and advice, and did much more than his health at that the justified him in doing. He gave more money to the National Committee than any other man in the United States, with perhaps two exceptions, and those

from personal knowledge that he was earnest in counsel and advice, and did much more than his health at that time justified him in doing. He gave more money to the National Counnittee than any other man in the United States, with perhaps two exceptions, and those were two of his most devoted personal friends. Any man at all farminar with the campaign of 1880, will iaugh at all such stilly twaidle as the Courant's story, which is circulated by John Kelly and those who feel as he does, and taken up by the Republican press. If there is such a person as the Judge, "and if he is honest in his statement, it is quite evident that he was imposed upon by some one of the many impecuations gentlemen, commonly called "dead beats," who nover around the National Committees of all parties, and are usually disgrunted because they have laried to get money from the committee, or think their services are not appreciated.

Reporter—What help did the anti-Tilden people give the National Committee in 1889?

Mr. Weel—Many of those who had opposed Gov. Tilden in the past, and some few commetted with Tammany flat, gave the ticket a hearty support in every way, but Kelly and a large party of gentlemen who then and now act with him did not, by word or deed, give the National Committee any sort of support. They not only did not subscribe or pay anything of any amount to the Treasurer of the National Committee, but through what was in result, under their management, an opposition committee, sent their emissaires all over the country anticipating application for funds by the National Committee, thus preventing the committee was expended distributing Congressional documents that were vaniess in the Cambaign, or lost in the gambing houses of New York. All know that the work of the earnpaign, or lost in the gambing houses of New York. All know that the work of the hardonal Committee was expendent in the National Committee, which had not be understood that, aside from the second from their orders of the party what he did to help the National Co

Mr. Weed—I am sure her between that issue, it is had not been for that issue, icen. Hancock, in my judyment, would have been elected by an overwelling majority. With that issue, if the Republicans had nominated a man winese character was fair even with his own party, any man nominated by the Democrats would have been defeated. In the county where I reside, and which Mr. Redy and the Contail both refer to to prove that Gov. Tiden and instriends did not henestly support Gen. Hancock, that issue was fain to us; and notwithstanding ine local Democratic papers and speakers, including myself, were known to be strongly in favor of a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection sufficient to cover the difference between our well paid labor and the poorly paid labor of England, we ost many votes on that issue. Reporter—Do you think that Gov. Tiden was a candidate in 1839, or that he would have accepted the nomination if offered to him?

Mr. Weed—I am sure he was not a candidate, and that he felt that he could not accept the nomination. I saw his letter to that Convention before I left for Cincinnati, as far as it was then completed. I was a member of that Convention first, last, and all believed that under any creumstances he would have necepted the nomination, for I believed him then and believe him now, the strongest man before the people of this country. Believing this I went to Cincinnati, and did not vote for Gov. Tiden. Gov. Tiden knew how I felt in regard to him, and that I would have liked, above all things, to have had him consent to be a candidate, and knew that when I left New York for the Convention I did not intend to vote for him, for the reason that he had repeatedly said to me, and to others in my presence. That under no creumstances would be accept the nomination, on one of which occasions he used the remarkable expression, when being urzed to consent to be a live man than a dead President.

Reporter—What have nothing to say as to myself. I have no doubt but that he feet in was in fisso. Reporter—What

publicans used more money in this county in 1880 than in 1876, and we have a large purchas-able vote. The majority against Gen. Hancock, however, is not much if any more than the nat-ural Republican majority of the county. AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

Love that Survived Youth and Long Enforced Separation. At a fashionable summer hotel near this city for several weeks an elderly couple have attracted much attention. The husband is tall and fine looking, and his abundant hair and board are beginning to be tinged with gray. The wife is a dainty little lady, with prematurely white hair, that contrasts admirably with her clear, rosy complexion. Husband and wife are turned of flity, but they are full of life and spirit. Their devotion to each other is a pleasing spectacle. They stray about to dark corners of the norm or flut sectuded seats in the grounds, and hold converse, apparently, with the zest of young lovers.

The history of their lives is romantic. The husband, who is now a prosperous business man of this city, was a saltor for the ladys hand more than a quarter of a century ago. But her parents objected because he was young and poor. The lovers parted, and the lady married as suitor chosen by her parents. Years afterward the young man married. To neither marriage were children bern. After nearly twenty-five years of married life the lady became a widower.

Last winter the widower and the widow met accidentally in this city. The old love was resimiled, and a month ago they were married. wife are turned of fifty, but they are full of

FORTUNES IN OLD WOOD. Treasures in Fiddles at a Repairer's in the

"You wouldn't think those bits of wood there were worth at least \$3,000," said the owner of a quaint old store in the Bowers, as he pointed to a heap of round, flat, and oddshaped splinters lying on his work bench.
"I certainly shouldn't have thought they were worth anything. Are they lined with diamonds, and have they been smuggled through

the Custom House?"
"No. no! That is a Stradivarius violin, and one of the finest in the country."
"But it is all broken to pieces."

"Not at all. The owner kept it in a damp place, and the glue got soft. I had to take it all to pieces. Why, that fiddle has probably

Not at all. The owner kept it in a damp place, and the glue got soft. I had to take it all to pieces. Why, that fiddle has probably been taken apart at least twenty times since it was made, in 1710. That would make it 173 years oid, wouldn't it?" And yet it as sound as it was on the day it was finished. Not a crack anywhere, and where the varnish has been worn off by friction against the clothes of the payer, the grain of the wood looks handsomest. See here, isn't that a picture, that back? Mark how the light flashes in and out of that motted grain as i gently move it."

But doesn't it hurt the instrument to take it apart so often?

"Not a bit, if the work is, done by a skilful hand. Look at me now." He took up another vious and inserted a suarp knife between the edge of the front and the sides. In a few seconds the knife had made a complete circuit, and the front was lifted gently off.

It sounded as if I was cutting the wood, but I was only scratching the glue, he continued. I have taken off this front or belly, as it is technically called, and now you can see the inside. There is nothing in It but the exquisite finish of the workmanship. I am going to put a new bar' in; that is this narrow strip glued to the under side of the belly, and extending the whole leagth just on the left of where the bridge stands. This bar gives strength to resist the pressure of the strings, and upon its size and shape depends the quadity of the lower notes. On the opposite side of the bridge is a nittee post about as thick as a penholder. This is not glued, but is supported by the pressure of the belly and back. Upon its exect adjustment depends the tone of the higher notes. A movement of the thirty-secondith part of an inch will make a material difference, and, as every violin has an individuality of construction, the best place for the putting of this sound post varies, and can only be found by iong and careful experiment. Some great violinists will even want the post moved so as to suit the most ensity set in vibration. The ba

work well."
In what does the superiority of an old violin "In what does the superiority of an old violin consist?"

Mainly in tone, though the varnish of the great makers cannot be exactly imitated. The manufacture of it is a sceret, as much so as some of the lost arts. It was not a spirit but are oil varnish, and it shows no signs of perishing or losing belliancy. Some makers have thought that amber was the principal ingredient, but all attempts to dissolve that substance have been practically unsatisfactory. The varnish not only serves to protect the wood, but checks the escape of vibrations and drives them back where they communicate with the air enclosed in the violin. The air escapes through those two slips in the belly called I holes."

What causes the superiority of tone?"

with the air enclosed in the violin. The air escapes through those two slips in the belly, called holes."

What causes the superfority of tone?"

"It sould tell you that. I shouldn't be repairing fielders for a few dollars. I should be making them for thousands of dollars apiece. Some say it is ago alone that makes the beauty, but we have got very old wood to make modern fiddles of, and yet they remain inferior. We have mathematically gauged the form of the great violins, and have made exact reproductions, yet they haven't the tone. Some persons assert that the old varnish had peculiar qualities which affected the sound. Other makers claim that their violins will be just as good as the Strativariis hundred and lifty years from now. We can't very well contradict them, but the player who wants an instrument for present use can't very well afferd to wait so long. No donbt very good violins are made to-day, and excellent prices are obtained for them, but they haven't the tone of the old ones. Why, a really line judge will differ to wait so long. No donbt very good violins are made to-day, and excellent prices are obtained for them, but they haven the tone of the old ones. Why, a really line judge will tell from hearing a fiddle who the maker was that it, if he was one of the sheep or four great artists, and as for the look, a violin to a comnolesseur is like a pecture; he will remember each peculiar curve, and the pattern of the grain will be forever in his memory."

Here is one by Gaspar di Salo dated 1571, and he had then been making them some years. To him is due the credit of perfecting the present violin. Prior to his invention there were only lures and viols, both comparatively clamsy in form and poor in ione. You will see, if you notice closely, that this violin is a little larger and flatter than the model of the best of Stradivarus's make, and the f holes are larger. The tone, therefore, is a little hollower, and not so brillant. It has what players call a tenor or alto quality, like than of the viola. The

cellent iostruments. Antonio Stradivarius, the greatest of all makers was a pupil of the now famous Amati. Stradivarius, even in his own day, was considered an artist, and was treated with as much respect as a great painter or sculptor. Yet his instruments sold for about \$20 seach. Quite equal in value, though not in beauty of workman-hip to the Strad, are the violins of Joseph Guarnerius, a coutemporary maker.

"Where is the finest violin in the world?"

"That is a matter of opinion. Jonehim has a noble instrument. So has Leopoid Auer. In fact, all the celebrated soloists have choice specimens. The whereabouts and history of nearly everygreat violin is asswell known as that of a masterpiece of Raphael. One of the most singular things about violins is that they have the property of interesting people who cannot play. The two finest collections ever gathered were those of Meux, the great English brewer, and Gillott, the steel pen manufacturer. Noither of these gentlemen could play a note, and their instruments were generally unstrung. Mr. Waters of Broeklyn used to have two or three superb instruments. They came. I think, from the Plowden collection, which was sold in London about twenty years ago.

"It is sirange, too, that bows cannot be made as woil now as they were nearly a hundred years ago. Those of a Frenchman named Fourte sell to-day for over \$100 each. Violins are now made in enormous quantities by machinery. Here is one built on the lines of a fine Strad." It is sound, well made, and quite well varnished, and I can sell it for \$5."

"How is the tone?"

"Well, to rell the truth, pretty rough at present, but it will improve each day the instrument is played on. If it isn't as good as a Strad." 130 years from now, bring it back and I'll return your money."

The First American to Make a Balloon As-

From Good Words.

Scarcely two years after the first balloon ascent a daring and thoroughly successful attempt was made to cross the English Channel by Hanchard, a French aeronaut, accompanied by Dr. Jeffres, an American, then residing in London. The balloon was inflated inst over Shakespeare's Caiff, at Dover, a much more romante spot than that selected by Colonel Barbady in 1882 who started from the gasworks of that town. At 1 P. M. on Jan. 7, 1785, Beanchard ordered the car—a kind of boat—to be pushed from the edge of the precipice. The weight proved too great for the balloon, and it might have falten in the sea, but by sacrificing nearly the whole of their ballast it rose gently and drifted over the Channel.

The travellers counted thirty-seven towns and villages in the pleasant country to the back of Dover, walle as a contrast they saw on the other side the breakers tumbling grandly on the Goodwin Sands. They passed over a number of vessels, and were proceeding satisfactorily, when the balloon commenced to descend, and they were obliged to throw out half their remaining ballast in order to rise again. They were now at third of the way across, and had its sight of Dover Castle. A short time after the balloon again commenced to descend as their remaining ballast had to be thrown overboard; this did not prove sufficient, and they had to sacrifice a parcel of beeks. At 2:15 o'clock the rising of the mercury in their baronser indicated that they were again descending, and more books had to be sacrificed. They were now three-fourths of their way across, and were in full view of the French coast, although from the continued disposition of the avrial craft to descend it seemed a little dufful whether they would ever reach it. Their provisions, their only battle, their ciothes, and other articles were fluar away in rapid succession, and they were preparing to cut away the boat and trust to slings from the hoop when they found themselves rising, with Cains and its remarkable that the balloon at the limit of the way their cork markets

OUT OF THE WILD WEST. Indiane, Buffaloes, Cowboys, Scouts, and Pop Whitinker All Loose at Gravesend.

The small boy was prevalent at Gravesend on Wednesday. He gazed for hours through cracks in the Pair Ground fence, rocated preeariously in distant trees, and exhibited a general air of suppressed but powerful excitement When he gained admission to the grounds this excitement gave way to a hollow and bottomless awe, and the small boy wandered timidly about with round eyes and open mouth. The bewildering array of large and arid steers, reserved and haughty enwhors, round-shoul-dered buffaloes, emaciated elk, majestic and bedaubed Indians, gorgeous Mexicans, astonishingly repulsive equaws and knock-kneed mustangs, interspersed with tents, dudes, couts, and papooses, took vitality and sensation from the small boy and left him receptively inert.
Western life, with all its romantic acces-

sories, was depicted before the eyes of the vis-

iting throng. Nearly 2,000 people were scat-

tered about the grounds or seated in the grand

stand. Several well-built and handsome men, dressed in elaborately embroidered silk shirts, stand. Several well-built and handsome men, drassed in elaborately embroidered silk shirts, ribbed velvet breeches, and opera bouffe boots—the conventional costume of secuts on the plains—cantered about among the heris of animals and the encampments of Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Sloux, and Pawnee Indians.

The spectators were fashionably dressed and evidently accustomed to amusements, but they seemed singularly impressed. There was an air of sciennity about them. Occasionally a line-looking man, with a tall, sinews, and athletic figure, would stride bythe stand. Helooked picturesque and imposing. The few words of command that he gave were obeyed with alacrity by the attendants. The women followed him with their swes. It was Buffalo Bill. Another man, dressed in the picturesque costume of a scout, galloped about briskly with a rifle slung over his shoulder and a white-sombero resting on his long-haired head. It was Dr. Carver, the champion rifle shot of the world. Dressed quietly and leaning negligently against a rail is front of the grand stand was Cart. Bogardus, tall, sunbrowed, and good natured. He wore a number of meials. He has been champion pigeon shot of America for turiteen years.

Herds of buffaloes went galloping by, attend-

has been champion pigeon shot of America for tuirteen years.
Herds of buffaloes went galloping by, attended by young braves on mustangs, and the cowboys seuded up and down the fleid.

In all this scene of welrd excitement but one thing was familiar to New Yorkers—the bronzed and bunged-up countenance of Pop Whittaker as he chewed the end of a cigar in the judges' stand and picielly gazed at the throng. Presently Mr. Whittaker opened his mouth and the cigar fell out into Mr. Whittaker's hand. The mouth remained open for some time while the people looked into it with some uncertainty. Then the solitary arm of Pop moved up and down methodically. A moment later a roar like the sound of rushing waters was heard issuing from the eavernous depths of Mr. Whittaker. The buffaloes stood stil, the papooses skurried into the tents, the depths of Mr. Whittaker. The buffaloes stood stid, the papeases skurried into the tents, the cowboys bent their heads, and the braves sild off their ponies, and hurriedly prayed to the moon. A smite of satisfaction passed over the faces of the New Yorkers. The West may have Indians, buffaloes, and cowboys, but the East has Mr. Whittaker. The voice reverberated through the grand stand and went bowling across the country, so that people in passing trains turned their heads and smiled as they recognized it. It said:

"Last-deward gen men! Atten-she-on! Beohold it comes! The wild West approaches. Cawst-vour-opties—down—the—track, H—you please."

Lay-dees an gen men! Atten-she on! Beehold it comes! The wild West approaches.
Cawst-vour-opties—down—the—track. Ifyou please.
The mouth closed with a snap, and Mr. Whittaker winked at the military band. The band
biared boldly, but it was discouraged by the
memory of the voice.

After a procession of the troop the voice announced that there would be a realistic and
startling attack upon the Deadwood coach, exactly as it occurred in the West. The identical
coach which had been attacked drove up in
front of the stand. It had been ridded with
builtets and burned black in many places. After
shaking hands, a number of tourists elimbed
into the coach, and, at a crack of the whip,
the six mules went galloping around the track.
When the coach was about half a mile away,
haf a hundred Indians, mounted on mustangs
and in full war paint, were seen approaching
it. They sneaked up from all sides, lying low
on their horses and gradually closing in.
Finally they swept down on the coach just as it
came rushing toward the grand stand. The
indians blazed away at the tourists, and the
tourists shot back at the Indians. Every horse
was at full gallon, and the indians were yelling like domons. Just as they came around in
front of the grand stand a troop of cowboys,
headed by Buffalo Bill and Dr. Carver, swept
down the track and attacked the Indians. The
blaze of ilrearms and the screeches of the Indians, together with the smoke and dust and
roar, made an exciting time. When it was over,
the speciators found themsevies standing on
the seats and yelling with the others.

A long programme followed. The shooting
of marksmen as they dashed up and down
on horses was extraordinary. There was a
buffalo hunt and a general light on the plains.
At one point the leader of the covboys insied
a bison. He dropped the rope and the buffalo
turned suddenly, and the man was snatched
from his saidle and sont headoing to the
ground. He hay still for a moment, then rose
and limped after his horse, He got into the
saidle, galloped once more

with a turn.

A moment later an Indian rode hurriedly up to Buffato Bill, and the latter went off across to Bullato Bill, and the latter went oil across the plain. A short time afterward a Pawnee Indian was brought into the camp in a wagon, and Bullato Bill splintered and bound up his foot. In the bullato hunt the brave had been thrown from his horse. His ankle was seriously sprained. He saterect in the wagon while his ankle was being straightened, and gazed steadfastly before him. His face was utterly expressionless.

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So the Wild West went on until nightfall, when the people took the trains for home, leaving the Indians at supper and Pop Whittaker in front of his tent, with a papeose on either knee and a pipe in the corner of his mouth.

SLAUGHTERING BUFFALOES,

Great Danger that these Animals will Soon

Great Danger that these Animals will Scor

Become Extinet.

From the Biene Interpretent.

In going down the Yellowstone and across the vast region lying between Glendive and Mandai, one is struck with the evident scarcity of game. This famous region, where two an three weer age, herds of buffaio, antelone, and they were age, herds of buffaio and deer has been immense for the past two rears, and particularly of the former. It is estimated that during the past year there have been a thought of the former. It is estimated that during the past year there have been a thought of the former. It is estimated that during the past year there have been a thought of the former. It is estimated that during the past year there have been a thought of the former. It is estimated that during the past year there have been a thought of the sand hunters engaged in the business of saughtering buffaio along the line of the Northern Pacific between Mandan and Livingston, and the gave me the following interesting details as to the modus operand!

Beautified the usually slips the modus operand!

Beautified be usually slips the words here of buffaio:

Best the Starps rifle, the owner one actives and they way stokeds a cow for his first victim. He does this for the reason that the cow is followed by both her yearling and two-year-old calves, and they will usually slips and they were a substituted to the last. But under no circumstances will the experienced hunter kill his buffaio outright. If he does, the herd will samped at once. The policy is to wound fatally, but so the attimal will dash around in a circle before failing. This it always does when mortally wounded, and after a so the substitute of the last. Hunter will have a substitute the substitute of the hunter passes the herd will samped at once. The policy is the hunter passes when mortally wounded, and after a large will be a substitute the

WHISTLING FOR SEALS.

MAINE LORSTERM IN AND HIS PETS AND PRIENDS.

Sportsman Goes Out Shooting and Return Demoralized-A Pair of Jumping Scale, and a Tale of Two Crews and a Seal.

BOOTHBAY, Me., Aug. 1 .- "Scrooch, cant ye?" said a strange specimen of humanity on the rocks at Boothbay, Me. He was an old man with a grizzly board. A battered sou'wester hid his tangled locks, and from under his bushy eyebrows peered a pair of eyes, the ex-pression of which defied all description. About his waist a leather strap hung loosely, in which rere caught half a dozen rod lobsters; in fact, the old man was a lobsterman, and carried his stock in this manner. He was standing out on a half-submerged, kelp-covered rock, looking out to sea, and whistling softly when the

writer approached. 'Keep sort o' shady, will you?" he whispered. unhooking one of the dangling crustaceans, Tag Sun reporter crept behind a barnaciecapped rock, and literally laid low, not knowng whether the old man was going to call the fish upon the rocks, or was whistling to the irens that are supposed to linger about the dark unfathomed caves of the Pennaquid rocks. Softly came the whistle again, a sort of sing-song solo, with little or no melody, and for ten minutes or more it was continued. Then the old man stopped suddenly, and, breaking a claw from one of the lobsters, he tossed it out

into the water.
"Keep to the lew'ard," he whispered, as the sporter made a step forward to see what made the water boil, and in a second a curious, halfnuman head appeared above the waves, and two dark, lustrous, intelligent eyes looked at-tentively at the odd figure on the rocks. In a winkling the head disappeared; the whistling egan again, and a moment later a large seal rawled out of the water upon the rock beside he lobsterman. After being caressed it began o breakfast upon boiled lobster. The creature showed not the slightest fear, and formed a strange picture with the old man's arm about its sleek neck, its bright eyes watching his every movement. It caught greedily the bits of lobster that he tore off, and occasionally nibbled at the others that hung about his waist.

The reporter, who had been leaning forward to eatch every phase of this strange proceeding. suddenly slipped and gently slid down the weed, and the soal, with a leap, disappeared, "Now ye have done it," excinimed the old man flinging the remaining lobster after the animal, and rising up, "But there ain't no harm done," he added. "Ye see, she's kind o'

larm done," he added, "Ye see, she's kind o' shy o' strangers, specially when they come a shellar down hall all of a suddent like."
How did you tame her?" Haow? said the old loosterer. Why, Lo'd bless ye, they all know me long the hull shore, from Newagen tow Castine. They always know me. Critters always knows their friends; law o' natur, and I reskon I'm kind of a marster hand at likin' o' critters. Ye see," he went on, seating himself on the barnacles and rubbing his of skin knees." I planted all this ere keip and weed araband, and effit wara't for that the critters conduit e me in shore; they delt beaten in and broke up, and they all know it. They're drettil known't critters; they knows

beaten in and broke up, and they all know it. They res deretul known' critters; they knows thoir friends, trust 'em for that."

"So rou planted all this weed?"

"Yes," repited the old man, raising his sou'-wester, and scratching a little baid spot with an air of proprietorship, "every seed was planted by me. Ye see," he continued, peering at his companion with a queen expression. I came over in the Mayllower, and when I made this pint there. planted by me. Ye see, "he continued, peering at his companion with a queer expression," I came over in the Mayflower, and when I made this pint there warn't keip enough here tow make sass outen, and mow yo see every rock's kivered with 'em; so it come kind o' natrai for the seal critters tew take tew me. But this creone ye see this morain I've took tew special, reg'lar shipmate friendship 'twixt us. She sticks tew me, and I faw her, and after the old woman she comes first. A good spell ago I uster go fishin' around Mouse and Squirrel (islands), and this ere critter got tew follerin me, and I got tew tossin' bait at 'em; so we struck up a reg'lar likin' for each other. But," and here the old man looked savage and raised his flat menacingly, "there's a crowd from Skaowhegan, and these ere city folks comes here and shoots 'en, but, dum 'em, ef they ever shoot a seal o' mfns I'll give 'em some o' the same sass. Yaou think they aint friends o' mine? Say the word, and I'll show ye," and, rising, the old man look he way down the rocky beach abreast Nigger Island, where his dory lay. "Kind o' scrooch in the starm," he said, as he showed the boat eff. The reporter stretched out in the bottom, with his eyes on a level with the gunwale, while the Mayflower immicrant pulled out to sen.

The coast here was extremely picturesque, the rocks reaching att into the sen in curious shapes, appearing at high tide a biazing white, from the quartz in them, and at low tide changing to a rich olive green, from the great masses of kelp that hung like the beard of some ocean mouster, hising myfads of forms that live a curious, compulsory amphibious existence, dependent upon the tides. Under the masses of kelp that hung like the beard of some ocean mouster, hising myfads of forms that live a curious, compulsory amphibious existence, dependent upon the tides. Under the masses of kelp that hung like the beard of some ocean mouster, hising myfads of forms that live a curious compulsory amphibious existence, dependent upon the tides. Under t

the strongest hands. In the pools the gaily bedecked sculpin by awaiting the release that comes with the incoming tide.

From this shore the old lobsterman slowly pulled until, just off assubmerged ledge, where the great leaves of kein writhed like huge snakes, he stopped rowing. Again uttering the injunction to lie low, he began the whistling solo that had seemed so persuasive on the rocks. In response, a grotesque black head soon appeared among the weed, then another and another, and in a few moments the tossing dory was surrounded by half a dozen expectant faces.

"Keep close," was again whispered, and in a moment one of the scales moved toward the gainwale was on a level with the water, the little little animal slid gracefully in, and, with an inquiring glance at the reporter, who was holding his breath, began to least upon some young markered that the old man least out. The creature seemed perfectly tame and extremely affectionate, poking its nose into the old man's pocket and attempting to steal the pendant lobsters. The other seals, though not at all shy, swam about, bobbing out of the water and singuing the trails playfully, but could not be induced to come near enough to the boat to be touched. Even the set one, at the slightlest movement made by the reporter, prepared to jump into the water.

"Ain't this a pictur?" asked the old man, scratching the animal on the lead. "These ere friends is the kind that sticks. No ups and daowns here; always the same, and ready tow feed. Haow did I tame 'om?' Wall, yo know, this 'ere plantin' of the seaweed did a heap toward gittin' of us on terms; but its kindness doin the right thing by 'em, that's done the business. They know I'm a fair man."

"How is it, then, you don't make friends with thom all?"

heap loward gittin of us on terms; but its kindness, doin the right thing by em, that's done the business. They know I'm a fair man.

How is it, then, you don't make friends with thom all?

Sease is jest like folks. There's a heap o' folks that's mighty pourt and lard to git on with. Jes' so hare. That feller over that with a cast in his off eye, he's gormish. Then that's that rat-colored eness, he's a master hand assisation water and serocehin under the bot booth. That was a foller came donown here agunnin last summer, and he stand with about looth. That was a foller came donown here agunnin last summer, and he stand with about looth. That was a foller came donown here agunnin last summer, and he stand with about looth. That was no category and he stand with about the one one day, I'm goin' seal shooth. By yes' says i. Sartiu,' eags he, Wall, says he to me one day, I'm goin' seal shooth. He was one o' these cre finey sportin gonts. Bit trappins and sech, and honest couldn't hit nothin', and a powerful peart take. So he sot in the bot, and I took the oars and pulled off. I'owerful criticrs—seals: says I. by way o' keepin' up the conversation. I never heard so, says he. You're a stranger in these parts, says I. Jest so, 'says he, Wall, says I, last year a party come down here i discrementer whether it was four or flee come and three left, or haow. Anyway they came down, and let on jest as yaou be, that they was goin to reduce the seal crop, and right off this point—says I. What J'o spose happened? He gave it up. 'Well, says I, they spied a seal, and was jes' about to fire when seals come up all araound em and commenced to pile into the bot. 'Well, and the oid man gave utterance to a loud haw-haw, jest at that cre'identical second I leaned over hard.'to port, and in said this pet seal o' mine. Well, yeld died o' laughin' sartin ef yeld a seen hand in was enough to scare the fish right off the const. O' course the seal slid aout again, but half a dozen of em was a pair of seals. Cute' Yes, he continued as one of t man liow is it, then, you don't make friends with

sight up beyond here a spell ago. I-was lyin' on the big boulder on the other side o' the point a watchin' for the mackersi fleet, my daughter's man bein' on one of 'em, and she kind o' anxlous. All to once I see a seal slidin' abaout per' over a rock, and half a dozin crows acawin'. Hisin' up I see they was tryin' to git a fish from the critter, and the way them birds went to work showed lots of book larnin'. The seal had a big rock eed, and was tryin' to git away with it, but three or four crows stood right by its tall and began to peck and caw. Then the seal would drop the fish and make for 'em and these ten others that was hangin' around his head grabbed it, and dragged it up toward the woods, and I'm dummed ef they didn't keep it up till they had the fish in the busines, and the eritter gave it up. Oh, crows is knowin,' While talking the old man had been slowly pulling back, and the dory ran up on the moss-covered rocks that are here worn into strange shapes by water and frost.

"So you planted all this kelp?" said the reporter, as he tumbled out.

"Yes," answered the old man, the curious expression coming into his eyes. "every mite."

And the seed?"

"The seed?" He said no more that night, but the next day he strolled into the Post Offlee and said: "That seed you was inquirin' absont, why, I brought that over in the May-flower when I come."

HOW TORPEDOES ARE MADE

The Work of Little Girls in an Old-fash.

A Sun reporter climbed two flights of stairs n a crowded section of Washington street yesterday, and found himself in a long loft, dimir lighted at either end by dirty windows, and inhabited by six or eight persons. Of these one was an elderly man with gold-rimmed spectacies and closely clipped gray beard. The others were little girls under 13 years of age. The children never spoke, but busied themselves with a thousand motions of the hands, and bent their heads over indentured boards that they held in their laps. The old mun cast a sharp glance on them occasionally, as he sat tinkering away on a bench in the corner. There the business of the occupants of the third and fourth lofts, but a floor strewn with exploded paper torpedoes, such as are used by children, told what the business was. The old man rose from his bench, came forward, and looked inquiringly at his visitor.

I came to ask you about torpedoes," said the reserver.

rom his bench, came forward, and looked inquiringly at his visitor.

"I came to ask you about torpedoes," said the reporter,
Did you?" asked the old man, slowly.

"Yes," said the reporter, glaneing around.

"How are they made?"

"I did you ever play seven up?" said the man, looking at the reporter fixelly through his gold-rimmed spectacles. There was a moment's pause, and then the reporter nodded his head.

"Well," said the old man, "as the Jack is to seven up so is silver to torpedoes." Then he whirled around rapidly, went back and resumed his seat on the bench, while the children tinkered Incessantly at the indentured founds on their laps. A few moments chapsed, Then the old man got up thoughtfully and stopped toward the reporter again.

A great many people assert," he said rapidly, that this business is likegitimate and not sanctioned by law. It is a lie. Maxing torpedoes is just as legal as making boots."

"Hew are they made?" asked the reporter.
The old man took a handful of trade dolars out of the pocket of his biouse, tossed them into the air, caught them defity, and said:

"Just now I am making them out of pure silver, which you see in those churks there on the bench. I am buying trade dolars now at 85 cents apice and melting them down. The dolars have ten per cent, of alloy, but even allowing for that, they are still a bit cheaper than the pure silver costs \$1.16 an once. To prepare it we make the silver into hitrate, and then into fulminate. After that it is made into torpedoes, They have now for the next Fourth of July. There is a constant market for them. At one time I had 125 employees at work here. Now I have enjy these and a few up still a line of the post of them over in New Jersey that has been trying to make torpedoes for two years but they have never made a go of it yet. Children's hands are better than machines. I am making torpedoes now for the next Fourth of July. There is a constant market for them. At one time I had 125 employees at work here. Now I have enjy these and a few up stiller.

had been filled with these bits of tissue paper punched into the form of bags, the board was handed over to the next little girl, who had a long quill filled with the failminate. Into each of the little paper bags she dropped some of the fail filled with the failminate into each of the little paper bags she dropped some of the failminate and then passed the board over to another little girl. This one sat near the pile of pebbles, from which she filled up every one of the tissue paper bags. Then she handed the board to a fourth little girl, who had at her side a little pet of paste. This one constantly touched her finger to the paste and then twisted the tons of the tissue paper bags together. When the little tissue paper bags were pulled out they were perfect torpedoes of the regulation Fourth of July pattern. Most of those made were of the usual size—about as big as an ordinary marble. There were other and larger ones made in special instances.

How many torpedoes can four of these children make in a day? asked the reporter.

"It depends entirely upon their industry," said the old man, looking at the children and speaking in a loud tone. "If they work as hard as they should they can easily turn out 18,000 a day; otherwise they will drop as low as 10,000. After the children fish them they are packed in sawdust by girls on the lower floor. Then they are put into passeboard boxes are packed, in turn, in wooden bexes. Ten thousand are sold for \$2.50. Of course it is very soon after the Fourth of July now, and there is not much demand for them, but therefull be a steady sale, which will constantly herease until the Fourth of July 1881."

"Where are the most of them sold?"

"The most patriotic city in the Union by long odds," said the old man, with a decisive slake of his head, "is I loston. They have the old Bunker Hill spirit there still, and they will swear by the speech of John Adams as iong as they live. They believe in celebrating the Fourth after the ancient fashion, and the result is, it is the best own for

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL. A Sud-Eyed New Jersey Nag That Can Let

A mad-Eyed New Jersey Nag That Can Let Illimet Out on Occasions.

An unshaven man in slouch hat and ragged coat, driving an old gray, spavined horse, whose ribs almost protruded from his skin, has been a familiar sight in the roads of Hunterdon county, N.J., during the last week. Last Tusaday he drove into Firmington, the county seal and stopped in front of Humphrey's flotel, where one of the two reins was withdrawn from the tusty iron rings of the old harmese and usen for a hitching strap. In the antiquated, rickets out which was a ration of grass for the mag. He entered the horroom, the removed his slouch has from his tangled hair, and, stage ring up to the har, ordered aglass of his with sugar and ismoon in H. By this time a crowd had assembled, and one asked what he would take for his horse.

Eighty dollars, he rapided.

Out the crowd offered him forty.

Out the crowd offered him forty.

Travel a mile in three initial. Not much. "

"Three minutes," said Johnny Ramsey, a prominent county politician, "That horse can't travel a mile in ten in ten minutes, and I'll her on it."

"Yes," 2nd Jacob Vite, another county politician, "I'll het you \$2) he can't travel a mile in three minutes, and will go out to the race course and speed your old ping."

"Wenty dollars," the fellow replied, "I'll bet \$100 he can."

Elissa Ondyke and Jacob Wils and a stranger who

Ping.

"Twenty dollars," the follow replied, "Fil bet \$100 he can."

Klisha Ond; ke and Jacob Wile and a stranger who happened in the room chipped in with Ramery and Yife, and a pirace of \$10 s. was quickly made up and deposited in the hotel keeper's hands. To their surprise, the owner of the old loarse quickly covered the money. He then went out of the room to where his horse stood, and from under the grass in the watern be took on a good set of harness, which he put on the mag. He impulsed of the charter of the could borrews a lattice rig. Ramsey and he there he could borrews a lattice rig. Ramsey and he had been a could borrew as histories and him. The lighter vehicle was fig which the would loan him. The lighter vehicle was fig which to the race course, which is about a mine out of Fleming the trace was historied to it, and then the crowd started for the race course, which is about a mine out of Fleming the race was failed. The state of things did not decourage the old follow. The state of things did not decourage the word "for" was off of his race to lead time.

Eve witherses of the affair describe the traiting of the old mag as something winderful. He troited the mile old mag as something winderful. The old mag had wen for his the same role at behavior that they did, at Flemington. Neil Runnes was induced to bet \$25 that the Borse conduct to a unit in three minutes. He had, of course, it is alread that the two men had from Trenton. They were in Control we had been that the best of course and the same same same to be the same game, but there fame had preceded them, so no Clintonians were roped in.

PENNY POTTERY.

Cheap Imitations of Pine Works to Majoli-

"It makes me sad," said a dealer in brie-àbrac, "to think that while a hundred people buy art grockery te-day where one peron thought of buying, or at least of collecting it, a few years ago, people who want a really course, there are now more rich persons who will buy a high-priced vase or tazza. But they want such things merely for show. They buy them as they would a chandelier or a rug, not because they love fine tracery or form or exquisite colors, but to impress their neighbors. know a man who owns one of the most spiendid pieces of Satsuma ware in this country; he keeps it in his ballway. I told him it was a pity to have so fine a thing-it is worth \$1,400-in so dark a place, and that he should put it in his front parior, where its warm tints and superb glazing would be visible. 'It's all right where it is,' said he, laughing. 'Why, you can hide a dezen umbrellas in it.' One of his servants told me that guests and others made it a favor-

told me that guests and others made it a favorite receptacle for cigar stumps. This same man, when he comes to my store, always asks for Something lively in brickbars.

You see, sir, many people in this town buy really line things before they have learned to have a proper respect for them. But what troubles me most is to see the mordinate quantity of cheap trash which people buy and distribute all over their houses, without the least regard for art or appropriateness. They actually peopler their what-nots with the encapest kind of rubbish, and then, with all the innocence in the world, ask you what you think of their collection. An importer told me that he sold 260 casks of these miseratie crockery knick-knacks hast December. He sold them at a dollar a gross, and says he made a profit, Nowadays furniture of all kinds, starting out with the Eastlake, which is responsible for many enormities seems to be constructed with a view to having things put on top of it, in, and around about it. Dwarf bookenses, cabinots, and even tables have wases on three sides to projuperockery, and apanese stands are made with all solts of old little dust holes and chosets which their owners must needs lill up at once with cheap imitations of bries-brac. When even tables have racks on three sides to projuper ockery, and Japanese stands are made with all sorts of odd little dust holes and closets which their owners must needs lill up at once with cheap junitations of brie-a-brac. When that style of furniture came in I thought, with other dealers, that the demand for iline old porcelain and majolica would start up with new life. We were disappointed. The manufacturers set to work at once on their little crockery gimeracks, and threw them on the market in chermonic quantities. thereby turning every small crockery shop into a ceramic establishment. It is true that our business has somewhat improved but the hot remains that, in spate of an the excitementoverceramic art, the real love for it and knowledge of it still rest with the few. The pleasure of doing a fine place of old work with letters of anthematication, has given way to the present rage for simp-thish decoration in everything.

Look at the teapols, flow many 'Lady Washingtons' do you suppose there are in existence? Why, sir, the city is full of them. You can buy them right around the corner for \$1.25 apiece. Dealers seel them unbushingly at that price and attack on fifty cents for the life for the regular retail prace of the same article is only seventy-five cents. I remember when there were only four 'Lady Washingtons' in private hands in New York. Two of these came down 'straight?' the two others were begue, and could only be sold after great ceremonly and hard swearing. The last one could not be sold until the cover had been carefully cracked, and patched up with a piece of old parchment manuscript; then it brought 550. An it hose were fine old days. People take less stock in those things at present. They say that money refines people's tastes, I don't see it myse. The first thing it knew one wentthy indy to do when she began to deal with me was to buy an odd-looking cup and saucor for \$1.50, and pass it off on her frends as the one used by Lafavette when he took tea with Mrs, Gen, Gates. She was nitto the f

make the product of t

Nothing is sacred now from the Philistines."

A Persian karguagette could be bought for eightoen cents, and mosque' lamps for a keylix, which was thowed nean Expitain keylix, which was thowed nean Expitain for a variety of purposes around a house," I saw an Alpheus and Arethusa' vass for fifty cents, and a most vie Sforza piece for the same price. Only, remarked the placed selesman price. Only, only take the placed selesman price. Only, remarked the placed selesman price. Only, for the place of the placed selesman price. Only, for the placed selection price. Only, for the placed seles Friday, the 22t, was a gala day on the Vesuvian Funicular Railway. The flags 'Italy and Portugal were to be seen all along the line. The national hymns of both nations were being played by two royal big bands, while night was turned into day by aid of the electric lampes, and around the station a fragrant flower garden had been improvised amid the rugged masses of lava. At 8 o'clock in the evening twolve royal carriages brought the Queens of Italy and Portugal and the royal Fremier, attended by a numerous suite, to the station of the Funicular Railway. Their Majesties were received by the directors of the company, the manager. Commendatore D'Amico, and the Sindies of Regina and Torre del Greco, and after alighting, rested a while and partock of come light refreshments in the buffet of the station. Shortly after their Majesties accombanied by the Frincess and the ladias and gentlement olds charge of the brakess and gave the order for starting, and the rapid upward motion began. Haif way are the rayal train crossed with a descending car occupied by a band playing the popular local in 'Funicula Funicula'. Their Majesties, who had been admiring the marvelous panorama unrolling itself below their feet, expressed their piensure at these harmonious sounds in the all but perpendicular mountain side. The summit, 1180 metres above the level of the sca, was soon reached; and having taken their seats in two eashioned chairs borne on the shoulders of the Vasavius guides the two Queens approached the crater. The Queen of Italy was attended by Com. D'Amico while Signor Precioin acuted as escort to her Majesty of Portugal. The princes and natices the two Queens approached the crater. The Queen of Ray was son reached; and having taken their seats in two eashioned chairs borne on the shoulders of the crater. The Queen of Ray was attended by Com. D'Amico while Signor Precioin acuted as escort to her Majesty of Portugal. The princes and the followed while successive trains brought up the rest of the crater. Vesuvias took part in t

A Hard Man to Kill.

At King's Mountain S. C., a party of hands were that high rock tor the Ar Line rocked balant when block Mason three a couple of rocks at George Andrews, foreman on a glavel train George is the matter pass for a counte of days, when he had his research. The negroes has on the side of the mountain of the proposition of the mountain of the proposition of the mountain few rocks and the house to be presented to be compared to be a point of the side of the mountain few rocks and the house the proposition of the mountain security and the side of the proposition was at work driving a few rocks and the proposition of the proposition of the side of the mountain security and the proposition of the p From the Washington Star.

GOVERNMENT KINDNESS.

THE WAY MR. JOHN H. STARIN HAS BEEN HELPED ALONG.

Channel Opened by the United States Launches to Ply Iu-Improving a Harbor. A conspicuous feature in the charming riew from the Sound side of Gien Island is the huge drilling-seew which for about a month past has been anchored over a great sucken rock in or near the channel between Glen and David's Islands, and a little above Goose Island. Its mission there is almost accom-plished, and in a few days it will be towed away omewhere, probably to be laid up until more Congressional appropriations are obtained. but the tangible results of its stay will remain

to demonstrate the friendly interest that the Government has shown in this particular locality ever since Mr. John H. Starin pur-chased Glen Island and made it a place of popular resort in the summer season.

In the latest published report of the Chief f Engineers, United States Army, the official information concerning the work planned and done here is presented under the heading, Improvement of Harbor at New Rochelle, N. Y." Preceding that chapter is another, "Im-

Y." That way of mentioning the two things might readily convey an erroneous impression to the mind of one unlamillar with the typography of this bit of coast. Properly, that latter one should have been "Improvement of the Harbor of New Rochelle," and the other, erroneously elevated to that position in the report, should have been, "Improvement of Mr. John H. Starin's property." Out from the shore line, above Glen Island, protrudes a spur or arm that is known as Davenport's Neck. East of that is Echo Bay, the real harbor of New Rochelle. A little freight propeller plies be-tween this point and New York daily; sailing vessels go to Echo Bay occasionally, doubtless for good, but not readily apparent reasons; and the people of New Rochelle, when they go out to hunt blackfish and clams, depart from and, barring accidents, return to Eche Bay. Two roofs, Start Rock and Sheepshead Rock, impair the usefulness of Echo Bay and possibly stand in the way of New Rochelle-which is not much more than a mile inland-becoming

QUEER ACCIDENTS.

The eating of part of a colored wrapper from a bar of A Kutamazon, Mich. mile struck quicksand in a cellar and sank out of eight before the workmen could preven it. He was pulled out. it. He was pulsed out.

While running the bases during a game of hait John Morriso Scottdale, Pa. Joh, and loot his thumb by striking his hand on a piece of tin.

While Bertle Morris of Atlanta was running a sewing machine at good speed the driving roll suspeed, and a biece penetrated her less inflicting a frightful wound. In failing from a tree the lattle son of John Harges of Somerset, by struck upon a sick that pieced his side to the heart, causing instant death.

C. C. Revnolds of Marietta, Ga. had a scycle thrown over his shoulder, and was rating a min. To a mine frightened at a nearing train threw Reynolds to the scouled at a nearing train threw Reynolds to the strong and the set the took in head off.

Levis Janger of Hambury, Pa. has neither less not for

Fround, and the service took his head off.
Levels Janger of Hamburg, Pa, has neither legs nor for gone. While traveling his desired a Montanu had wind or he was caught to with the Was caught to with the large to head. Not stored the fail for Andrew Stamp of Hear Cleek Ky, had crossed the midroud track, about three first who and of the edge and was waiting on results ground, whenever fail have ward, was striped by the engine, and was waited.

As Hichard Peters was at work at the fortestiment disk at Assum I braid St. Long, her registed student and its first for a pair of towards. At this in nearly as means pite of rock tumbed, and his hand was cut well peters of.

Boila Stewart, a blocksouth of Welcott N.Y. was Pretary off.

Rolls Stewart, a black-mith of Wident, N.Y. was possible a place of fed hier tree, who some of the first tree who some first the address to be himself at the state of the street of the ing it severely.

It's waron in which J W McDaniel and we're 'least southing Fig., were riding when a gether on with in testly. In possing a free Mrs. McDaniel and we're in week thin was from the wagen. The norther the harrow perceed the woman's head cluster, a south death.